Making way

In early spring unseen beyond greenthreaded sycamores, geese announce

their flight. It's hard, this getting up and walking out, this making use

of a brilliant morning. But the birds' excited voices full of plans and portent

take me back to autumn, when they flew over the field where we walked

among the blown and withered leaves; they passed low above us and we saw

their downy bellies. Beneath their harsh cries we heard the feathered machinery

of their flight and I forgot for a moment the painful creaking of my knees,

so like the trees' complaints as they move their limbs aside, making way for wind.

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